VOL. 5.

MILLERSBURG, HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1861.

NO. 27

## CALENDAR-1861 saturday Friday Thursday Wednerday Wednerday Yednerday Sanday 1 2 5 4 6 JULY, 1 2 3 4 5 6 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 32 42 52 64 27 28 29 30 31 1 2 Avo. 1 2 Avo. 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 16 11 12 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 20 20 20 30 31 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 1 2 3 3 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 28 29 30 1 2 3 4 Nov. 5 6 7 8 0 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17, 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 39 31 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 10 26 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

Business Cards.

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Fredericksburg, O., Sept. 20, 1860—nöm6

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Boetry.

THE TWO VILLAGES. Over the river, on the hill, Lieth a village white and still; All around in the forest-trees Shiver and whisper in the breeze Over it sailing shadows go Of souring hawk and screaming crow, And mountain grasses, low and sweet, Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill, Another village lieth still; There I see in the cloudy night Twinkling stars of household light, Fires that gleam from the smithy's door, Mists that curl on the river shore; And in the roads no grasses grow, For the wheels haste to and fro.

In that village on the hill Never is sound of Smythy or mill; The louses are thatch'd with grass and Never a clock to toll the bot The marble doors are always shut, You cannot enter in hall or hut; All the villagers lie asleep; Never a grain to sow or reap; Never in dreams to mean or sigh; Silent and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill, In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child, And heareth, praying this answer fall:"
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all!"

Miscellancons.

## A RACY STORY.

A Souvenir of a Vengeance.

In 1745, said Doctor Taifer, I was attached as principal assistant surgeon to the Military Hospital at Constantina. The hospital is built on a rock of three or four hundred feet in height. It overlooks at once the city, the Governor's palace, and the immense plain which stretches as far as the eye can see. No noise, not a mur
"Something of a wind last night, eh, mur, troubled the quiet of my studies un-til the hour when the drum and trumpet called our men to the barracks. Garrison life had no charms for me. I fancied neither absinthe nor coguac. At the time of which I speak that was called as being lacking in esprit du corps, but I cared not. I occupied myself with my studies, my pa-

tients, and my prescriptions.

No one cared to criticise my taste, save a certain lieutenant of voltigners, named Castnagnac. As I was alighting from my coach, on my arrival at Constantina, a voice behind me exclaimed: "I'll wager that's our new surgeon." I turned and found to day ?" myself in presence of an Infantry officer. long, lank, awkward, a red nose. This was Lieutenant Castagnac. He extended his hand, saying: "You are welcome, doctor. Delighted to make your acquaintance.-You are tired-is it not so? Let us go in -I'll present you to the circle."

ways the bar-room, the restaurant of the

We entered, for how could I resist the sympathetic enthusiasm of such a man .-And moreover, I had read Gil Blas. "Waiter, two glasses. What's yours, doctor ! cognac ! rum !"

"No-curacoa." "Curacoa! Why not parfait-amour?-You have a queer taste. Waiter, absinthe for me. Your health, doctor."

"Yours, Lieutenant." Useless, perhaps, to say that this interview did not particularly charm me. But I made the acquaintance of many officers of the same regiment who laughed much with me at Castagnac. One of them, named Raymond Duterte, told me that on his arrival at the barracks, Castagnac had

made him drink as well as myself, and that

not liking practical jokes, a duel had en-sued, in which he had wounded Cestagnac. Toward the middle of June, an epidemic broke out at Constantina. The hospital received not only soldiers but a large number of citizens. Among my patients were Castagnac and Duterte. The former had delirium tremens, and the only intelli gible phrase he uttered, was "Fatima! Oh!

This made me presume that the poor fellow, crossed in love, might have had resort to stimulants to drown his grief. This thought inspired me with pity for him .-One day, in a moment of consciousness, he

"What did I say, doctor? Have I said anything?"

"No, lieutenant." "I must have been raving. Don't deceive me."

"Did you suppose I would remember what you would rave about? If you like, I'll jot down what you say."

He looked at me a moment then, dropping on his pillow, murmured, "A glass of absinthe would do me good." One morning, as I was entering Castagnac's rooms, my friend, Raymond Dueterte,

"Doctor, I'm going to ask a favor

"Willingly, my dear fellow, if possible." "The favor is to give me a permit to go vous. out for the day. I think I'm getting ture!

"The fever prevails in the city, and I don't want to subject you to a relapse."

"Give me two hours."

"Impossible! Don't insist. It would

be useless. I know how dull you must be -your impatience to breathe the fresh air -but you must be quiet."

"You are resolved?" "Entirely. Wait eight days and then we will see." He went away in a bad humor. I en-

tered Castagnac's room and accosted him. "How are you this morning!"
"Quite well. Was not that Raymond you were talking to?"

"What did he want?" "Leave to go out, and I refused him." He said nothing more, but a vague apprehension seized me. That night one of my patients died, and I had his body con-

interruption. It came to be eleven o'clock, and fatigued with my labor, I was looking out of the window, when I saw a flock of carrion birds, evidently waiting for my departure to seize upon their prey. Fright-ened at the sight, I motioned them away. They obeyed my signal. At the same mo-

ment a noise broke upon my ears.

Between the entry that Castagnac's than a foot wide, covered with broken bottles and vessels. "Why hasn't the sentinel seen that man?"

I thought. "In a moment he'll fall." Instantly I heard the voice of Castagnac shouting out, "Raymond, where are you

closing of a window.

went to bed, but found sleep impossible. I had need of repose, but my emotions kept me awake. I was convinced that Castagnac had perpetrated a crime, and in my mind's eyes I fancied I could see the terrible drama enacted. But Morpheus prevailed at last, and I fell into a slumber at about three o'clock. When I awoke it was daylight; the high wind of the night before had lulled, and the clear sky and delightful breeze made me almost doubt my memory and think I had had a bad

Strangely enough I felt a kind of fear about verifying my impressions. I went to fulfill my duties, and it was only after having visited all my patients that I went to the room of Duterte. I knocked at his door-uo reply. I opened it-he was not there. I called the servants, and asked where Lieutenant Duterte was. No one had seen him since the night before.

Summoning all my courage I entered Castagnac's room. A glance at the win-

lieutenant?" Looking quietly up from a book he was eading, be answered: "I should think so-look at my broken

more exposed than the others-or perhaps you left the window open?"

The muscles of his face contracted almost imperceptibly.
"No," said he looking at me with a strange air, "it was shut."

"Not very bad." "You seem better-a little nervous. In promise you. Only then try to govern

Despite the pleasant tone I affected, my The "circle" at Constantina means alto me like touching a reptile. And his warned me of your visit. I know the mosearching eye never left me. However, I tive which brings you. You are very good continued talking. Just as I was going, I to enterest yourself in poor Fatima, who is sa strange one, and possesses a certain said, as if a sudden thought had struck growing old, for I will soon be seventeen fascination, rendering one of the most a-

> "By the way, Lieutenant, Duterte hasn't been to see you?" "Duterte?"

"Yes; he's been away since yesterday, and nobody knows what has become of

"No one has been to see me-no one." "He took up his book, and I left the room convinced of his crime, but unluckily I had no proofs. If I denounce him-I thought-be will deny the charge, and what testimony can I produce! None!-My own evidence will not suffice. All the odium of the actuation fall on me, and I shall have made a terrible enemy. I resolved to wait and quietly watch Castagnac, sure that in the end he would betray himself. I went to the commandand and simply imtormed him of the disappearance

of Lieutenant Duterte. The next day some Arabs informed us that they had seen on their way to Philadelpei, a uniform banging to a rock, and that birds of prey were flying round it in thousands, filling the air with their cries.

This led us to find the remains of Duterto. The officer of the garrison talked of the affair for two or three days and then changed the subject. My position, in the midst of this general indifference was painful, silence weighed upon me like remorse. The sight of Castagnac excited in me an indignation, a sort of insurmountable repulsion. He often looked at me as if he would read my soul. He suspects something, I thought; if he verifies his suspicions, I am lost, for he would stop at no-

These ideas imposed upon me an intol-erable constraint, but Providence came to my aid. One day I was about go in the city at three in the afternoon, when a corporal brought me a letter he had just found in a coat of Duterte's.

"It is from a Moorish girl named Fatima," said he, "and I thought it might interest

appointed a time and place for a rendezvous. But what a revelation in the signa-

"So then," I thought, "that was Castagnac's exclamation in his delirium, 'Fatoma'. O Fatima!' This woman lives. Perhaps she loved Duterte. It was to go to this rendezvous that Duterte asked permission to leave the hospital. Yes-the note is dated July 3d. Not being able to go by day he risked the night, and Castagnac awaited him."

I soon found myself in front of Arab house. The door was open and I saw one Sidi Houmaium making coffee. I had once cured him of a malignat disease, and he was very grateful to me. I entered and found five or six of his neighbors smoking their chibouks. He offered me a cup of coffee and a pipe. Time flew slowly away, and at six o'clock a bell summoned his guests to prayers, and I was left alone with Sidi Houmaium.

"Seigneur Taleb," said he, "what brings you to my humble abode? How can I

veyed to the dissecting-room. For two hours, I proceeded with my work without "By making me acquainted with Fatima."

"Fatima, the Moorish girl?"

"The same." "Seigneur Taleb, in the name of your mother do not see that woman."

"She is the destruction both of the faith ful and of the unbelievers. She possesses a charm which kills—do not see her."

"Sidi Houmaium, my resolution is taken room led out of, between the precipice and Fatima possesses charm, but I possess the wall, there was a staircase; not more a greater charm. Hers gives death, but mine gives life, youth, beauty. Tell her that, Sidi Houmaium; tell her that old age and wrinkles vanish at my approach; tell her that the apple of Heva-that apple which has condemned us all to die since time began—I have found the seeds of it, I have planted them and have produced I heard a fall—a groan—then all was the tree of life, whose savory fruits give still. Then a burst of laughter, then a eternal youth. Let her taste it, and be she old, be she ugly as a sorceress, her For twenty minutes I remained immovable—a cold sweat exuding from me. I white and soft as hily, her hips rosy and perfumed as the queen of flowers.'

"But, Seigneur Taleb," cried the Mussulman, "Fatima is not old. On the contrary, she is young and beautiful; so beautiful that a sultan might be proud of her." "I know it-she is not old but she may grow old. I which to see her. Sidi Houmaium, remember your promises."

"Since such is your will, Seigneur Taleb, return here at this time to-morrow. But remember what I say to you-Fatima makes a bad use of her beauty."

Be tranquil-I wish not to forget it." I was punctual the next day to my appointment. I set out with him, and, leaving the main street, we walked into a little street called Suma-street, where two persons can not walk abreast, and devoted principally to miserable little shops. In one of the labyrinthine crooks and turns of this street Sidi Houmaium stopped before a low door and knocked.

"You will follow me—you will serve me as an interpreter," I said to him in a low tone.

"Fatima speaks French," he answered, without turning his head.

At the same moment the shining face of a negress appeared at the door. Sidi Houmaium and some words to her in Arabic. The door was opened and suddenly shut after me. The negress had gone out through "This chamber, lieutenant, seems to be a side door which I had not seen, and Sidi Houmaium remained in the street. After waiting some minutes, I began to

grow impatient, when a door opened on the left, and the negress who had introduced me made a sign to enter. With a few steps I found myself in a corridor, out "Ah!" Then approaching him to feel of which many doors opened. The ne-his pulse, "And your health—how are you gress led me into a parlor, richly hung with silk curtains of Moorish design. The room was elegantly fitted up, but my attention was mainly attracted by Fatima herself, fifteen days you will be well, lieutenant, I | who was seated upon a divan-a beautiful woman, elegantly dressed.

For some seconds she looked at me at tentively, and then smilling, said carelessly: voice trembled. To touch his hand was "Enter, Seigneur Tateb. Sidi Houmaium, Story of a San Francisco Lockgrowing old, for I will soon be seventeen —seventeen the age of tardy repentance. Well Seigneur Taleb, sit down and be welcome. You bring me the apple of youth and beauty-and poor Fatima has

I know not what to reply; I was confused; but suddenly recalling the motive which had brought me, though the effect of an extreme reaction, I became as cold

as marble. "Your raillery is graceful, Fatima," I replied, taking a seat on the divan. "I had heard your wit praised no less than your

beauty. I see I was told the truth." "Ah! and who told you?"

"Duterte?"

"Yes, Raymond Duterte, the young officer-he whom you loved, Fatima." Her eyes assumed a look of surprise.

"Yho has told you that I loved him?" said she looking at me with a strange air. "No, but I know it. This letter proves

it-the letter which you wrote to him, and which was the cause of his fate, for it was story, either-for a story implies the comto meet you that he risked his life." Hardly had I pronounced these words

fire gleaming in her eyes.
"I was sure of it," she exclaimed. "Yes when the negress informed me what had happened, I said to her, "Aisse, it is he and soon worked myself into a fair busiwho did the deed. It is he. O, the ness. Late one evening a lady close-

wretch!" And as I looked at her, stupefied, knowing not what to say, she approached me and said in a low voice:

"Will he die? Do you think he will die soon? I would wish to see him be-

shall never forget the expression of her face. course complied. Shutting the door and "Of whom do you speak, Fatima?" I returning to my work, the lady withdrew asked, "Explain yourself. I do not under- her veil, disclosing as sweet a face as can

"Of whom? Of Castagnac. You are Taleb at the capital—give him poison.— however, which plainly told of a heart ill He is a villain. He forced me to write to at ease, and in a moment every emotion for the officer to come here, for I did not wish for her had given place to that of pity. to. The young man had long pursued me, but I knew that Castagnac was his enemy. Then when I refused he threatened to come out of the hospital to beat me if I did not write immediately. Here-here is his letter. I tell you he a villian!" It would be unpleasant to me, my dear friends, to repeat all that Fatima told me

more, he often beat her. I left her house and found Sidi Houmaium awaiting me at the door. "Beware, Seigneur Taleb, you are pale. The bad angel is hovering o'er your

I grasped his hand and replied, "Fear My mind was resolved. Without losing a moment I went to the bospital and knocked at the door of Castagnac. "Come in."

My expression probably annou nothing good, for he rose suddenly on seeden discovered partiality for me had nothing me.

the driver in his seat, ready for the mystecompany itself it is also doing a very large
rious journey. I entered the vehicle foland prefitable business.

self to smile. I did not expect you."

I know it! Do not deny it. Your consuch a degree of infamy! Hear me. I ought to give you up to justice, but your probable a subsequent recognition. dishonor would reflect upon us all. If you bave any courage left, kill yourself. I latter part of May following, I was awoke along the passage way which could not give you till to-morrow. To-morrow at seven o'clock, if I find you alive, I will myself lead you to the commandant."

Having said this I left him without to the guard to prevent Lieutenant Castag- my hand, which I usually kept at that time nac from leaving the hospital under any pretext. I recommended a very particular watch to the porter, holding him responsible for all that might happen in case of negligence, and went to my dinner as if nothing had happened.

Since Castagnac's crime was fully proved to me, I felt myself implacable. Duterte

cried to me for vengeance.

After dinner I purchased a powdered torch, such as our Spaish carry at night, and went to the hospital. Time flew away. The guard had been twice relieved, when I suddenly heard rapid and furtive steps up the staircase, behind the door of which I had placed myself. There was a knock at the door, I did not answer. A hand seemed to seek the key.

"It is Castagnac," I said to myself. Two seconds passed. "Open!" a voice exclaimed.

I was not deceived-it was he. I listened-then he attempted to force the door. Then there was a silence. Then something fell from above. It was in-

tended for me; but I escaped death.

Soon I saw the shadow of Castagnac Soon I saw the shadow of Castagnac dle. Having succeeded, I turned to exam-advancing on the outside wooden wall of ine the visitor. He was a small and neatthe courtyard, which was of great height. ly dressed gentlman, with a heavy Raglan He hoped to gain the other end and de- around his shoulders, and a blue navy cap scend by a staircase. Quicker than an antelope I reached the courtyard, and fired the staircase and wall. He cried for mercy, but he found a grave of flame. In an entry I found my sword. I knew he had taken it from my room to kill me.

Going to my room, I found that the door had been forced, and my papers scattered in all directions. This circumstance completely dissipated the sentiment of involuntary pity with which the terrible fate of the villain had inspired me.— Boston Evening Gazette.

THE IRON VAULT.

A MYSTERY OF THE PAST.

smith. fascination, rendering one of the most agreeable of pursuits. Many who follow it, but labor-think of nothing but its returns in gold and silver. To me it has other ply. Heva; is it not so? The apple which gives charms than the money it produces. I am called upon almost daily, to open doors and peer into long neglected apartments; to spring the stubborn locks of safes, and gloat upon the treasure piled therein; to quietly enter the apartments of the ladies with more beauty than discretion, and pick the locks of drawers containing peace destroying missives, that the dangerous evidences of wandering affection may not reach the eye of a husband, or father, in possession of a key; to force the fastenings of cash-boxes, and depositories of records, telling of men made suddenly rich, of corporations plundered, of orpeans robbed, of hopes crushed, of families ruined. Is there no charm in all this !- no food for speculation-no scope for the range of leasant fancy? Then who would not be a locksmith, though his face is begrimmed with the soot of the forge, and his hands

are stained with rust. But I have a story to tell-not exactly a pletion as well as the beginning of a narrative-and mine is scarcely more than an inwhen the Moorish girl rose suddently, a troduction to one. Let him who deals in things of fancy, write the rest. In the spring of 1856-I think it was in April-I opened a little shop on Kearney street, ly veiled, entered my shop, and pulling from beneath a cloak a small japaned box, requested me to open it. The lock was curiously construced, and I was all of an hour in fitting it with a key. The lady seemed nervous at the delay, and at length requested me to shut the door. I was a little surprised at the suggestion, but of her veil, disclosing as sweet a face as can well be imagined. There was a restlessness in the eye and a pallor in the cheek the night air is too chilly ?" said I rather

I felt a rebuke at her reply: "In requesting you to close the door, I had no other object than to escape the attention of pas-

I did not reply, but thoughtfully conof Castagnac. Suffice it say that after tinued my work. She resumed: "That seducing her he had corrupted her. Nay little box contains valuable papers—private lock may be picked without his interferpapers—and I have lost the key, or it has been stolen. I should not wish to have you remember that I ever came here on such an errand," she continued, with some hesitation, and giving me a look which it was no difficult matter to understand "Certainly, madam, if you desire it. If

tempt to lose the recollection of seeing it

stopped him with a gesture.

"If you stir one step," I said, drawing placing the letters and picture in her pocket, locked the box, and drawing the veil driven in anything but a direct course from over her face, pointed to the door. I opened it, and she passed into the steeet, she Examining the bandage, to see that my duct toward this woman is shameful.— merely whispered "Remember!" We met vision was completely obscured, the lady That a French officer should descend to again, and I have been thus particular in handed me a bundle of tools with which I

waiting his reply, and went to give orders at the window, with a heavy hammer in chief from my eyes. within convenient reach of my bedside.

"Who's there?" I inquired raising the hammer and peering into the darknessfor it was as dark as Egypt when under the curse of Israel's God.

"Hist!" exclaimed a figure stepping in front of the window; , open the door I have business for you." "Rather past business hours, I should say;

but who are you?" "No one that would harm you," returned the voice, which I imagined was was rath-

er feminine for a burglar's. "Nor no one that can!" I replied rather emphatically, by way of a warning, as I the three long days of his confinement in tightened my grip upon the hammer, and proceeded to the door. I pushed back the bolt and slowly opened the door, discovered the stranger already upon the steps. "What do you want?" I abruptly inquir-

"I will tell you," replied the same soft voice, "if you dare open the door wide

enough for me to enter." "Come in," said I, resolutely throwing the door ajar, and proceeding to light a canaround his shoulders, and a blue navy cap drawn suspiciously over the eyes. As I advanced toward him, he seemed to hesifrom his forehead, and looked me curiousbut I acknowledge a little nervousness as | You are not the man!" I hurriedly placed the light upon the ta-

Smiling at my discomfiture, she said: "Disguise is useless: I presume you recognize me?"

"I believe I told vou madam, I should sight. I am a Locksmith by trade. My calling not soon forget your face. In what way can I serve you?" "By doing half an hour's work before

> hundred dollars for your labor," was the re-"It is not ordinary work," said I inquiringly, "that commands so munificent a

"It is a labor common to your calling," returned the lady. "The price is not so much for the labor as the condition under which it must be performed."

"And what is the condition ?" I requir-"That you will submit to being conveyed from, and to your own door blindfolded. Ideas of murder, burglary, and almost every other crimes to villainny, hurriedly presented themselves in succession, as I politely bowed, and said: I must understand something more of the character of the employment, as well as the condi-

tions to accept your offer." "Will not five hundred dollars answer in lieu of an explanation?" she inquired. "No-nor five thousand."

She patted her foot nervously on floor. I could see that she had placed entirely too low an estimate on my honesty, and I felt some gratification in being able

to convince her of this fact. "Well then, if it is absolutely necessary for me to explain," she replied, I must tell of a vault, and-"

"I am at your service." "As I said," she continued, "you are rerescue from death a man who has been con-

fined there three days." inquired. "My husband," was the somewhat re-

luctant reply. "Then why so much secrecy, or, rather, "I secreted him there to escape the obervation of my husband. He suspected as much, and closed the door upon him .-Presuming he had left the vault and quitted the house by the back door, I did not there. Certain suspicious acts of my husband this afternoon convince me that the man is there, beyond human hearing, and will be starved to death by my barbarous

husband unless immediately rescued. For three days he has not left the house. I "drugged" him less than an hour ago, and he is now so completely stupefied that the ence. I have searched his pockets but cannot find the key; hence my application to you. Now you know all; will you accom-

"To the end of the world, madam, on such an errand." "Then prepare yourself; there is a cab

cannot forget your face, I will at least atwaiting at the door." I was a little surprised, for I had not The lady bowed rather coldly at what I ing on a coat, and providing myself with are now fully recognized by all the tenants

"Ah! it is you?" he said, forcing him-lf to smile. I did not expect you." ed after much filing and fitting, in turning lowed by the lady. As soon as I was the lock, I was seized with the curiosity to seated, she produced a heavy haudkerchief, My only reply was to show him the letter he had written to Fatima. He grew pale, and after looking at it a moment was about to throw himself upon me, but I

ascribing her visit to the shop, to render was provided, then taking me by the arm led me through the gate into a house which About 2 o'clock in the morning, in the I know was a brick, and after taking me by a gentle tap upon the window of the lave been less than fifty feet in length, and little room in the back part of the shop in down a flight of stairs into what was eviwhich I lodged. Thinking of burglars, I dently an underground basement, stopped sprang out of bed, and in a moment was beside a vault, and removed the hanker-

> "Here is the vault-open it," said she, springing the door of a dark lantern, and

> throwing a beam of light upon the lock. I seized a bunch of skeleton keys, and after a few trials, which the lady seemed to watch with the most painful anxiety, sprang the bolt. The door swung upon its singes, and my companion, telling me not to close it, as it was self-locking, sprang a murmer of low voices within, and the next moment the lady re-appeared, and leaning upon her arm a man, with face so pale and haggard, that I started at the sight. How he must have suffered during

the vault! "Remain here," said she, handing me the lantern; "I will be back in a moment." The two slowly ascended the stairs, and I heard them enter a room immediately above where I was standing. In less than

a minute the lady returned. "Shall I close it, madam?" said I, placing my hand upon the door of the vault. "No! no!" she exclaimed, hastily seizing my arm; "it awaits another occupant!" "Madam, you certainly do not intend

"Are you ready?" she interrupted, impatiently, holding the hankerchief before my eyes. The thought flashed across my mind that she intended to push me into tate a moment, and then raised the cap the vault, and bury me and my secret together. She seemed to read the suspicion, ly in the face. I did not drop the candle, and continued: "Do not be alarmed .-"I could not mistake the truth or the

bie, and silently proceeded to invest myself fearful meaning of the remark, and I shudwith two or three very necessary articles of clothing. As the lord liveth, my visitor was a lady, and the same for whom I had as before, and I was led to the cab, and opened a little box about a month before! thence driven home by a more circuitous Having completed my hasty toilette, I attempted to stammer an apology for my rudeness, but utterly failed. The fact, is I was confounded.

Swiling at my disconfiture the said: lars was placed in my hand, and in a moment the cab and its mysterious occupant

had turned the corner and were out of I entered the shop, and the purse of gold was the only evidence I could summon in my bewilderment, that all I had just

day to-morrow morning, and receiving five done and witnessed was not a dream. A month after that I saw the lady and the gentleman, taken from the vault, leisurely walking along Montgomery street. I do not know, but I believe the sleeping husband awoke within the vault, and his bones are there to-day! The wife is still

a resident of San Francisco.

Cold Weather. Bayard Taylor gives the following account of the effect of extreme cold upor

"But there is still a degree of cold beyond that, which I have not described. It it when there is a strong wind blowing from the North at a temperature of forty or fifty degrees below zero. The sensation with which you endure, I can only characterize as a continued struggle for life.-Then you not only feel the cold, but you actually see it. The air is hazy with the frozen moisture. The sky is like a vault of solid steel, so hard and pale does it appear. And the wind is like a blast out of that fabulous frozen hill of the Scandinavinus. The touch of it on the face is like cutting with an exceedingly dull and jagged knife. I endured this weather during two days of travel in an open sleigh, but you that you are required to pick the lock very fortunately it was blowing on my back. or I would have been obliged to give up "You have gone quite far enough, mad- the battle. Every man I met who was ame, with the explanation," I interrupted, traveling against the wind had a face either already frozen or just in the act of freezing. Those purple faces surrounded required to pick the lock of a vault and with rings of ice did not seem to belong to human beings. Dr. Kane described to me his sensations upon being exposed for two "To whom does the vault belong?" I days to a storm at a temperature of 47 dequired.

Although the physical effect was not particularly painful, yet the mental effect was such as to make him and his men delirious for some days afterwards. now came a man confined in such a place?" The physical effect of an extremely low temperature-perhaps the lowest which the human frame is capable of feeling-is a sort of slow, penetrating, deadly chill rather than an acute and painful sensation. But after the battle is over, on entering a "Perhaps you are not well, madam, and dream, until to-day, that he was confined warm room, then a painful sensation commences. I experienced a curious counterpart of this on the African desert. During the warm hours of noonday with the air like the blast of a furnace, I did not suffer any felling of intense heat; but after sunset, when the temperature fell rapidly, then I began to burn and glow through and trough like a live coal. It would seem from that, that the absorption of either heat or cold into the body is much less sensibly felt than the giving it out again."

FREMONT ARRIVED .- Col. John C. Fre mont, the celebrated explorer, and the candidate for the Presidency of the Rebub-lican party in 1856, arrived in New York by the Ariel. Mr. Fremont comes, it is said, on business connected his Mariposa heard the sound of wheels. Hastily draw- claim and mining company. Their rights considered a fine compliment, and I pro-ceeded with my work, satisfied that a sud-door. There sure enough, was a cab, with perous a one as any in California. The